



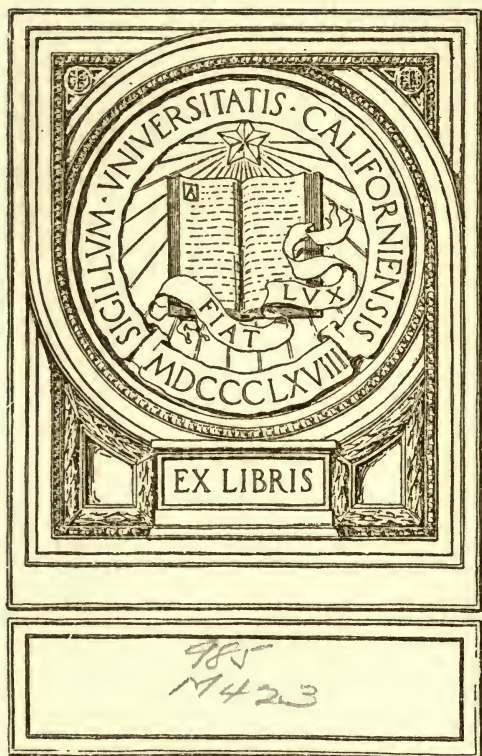
# BROTHERHOOD POEMS

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CALIFORNIA  
POEMS  
1849-1915

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The California Poppy  
THE OFFICIAL FLOWER  
OF THE GOLDEN STATE



To My Mother

April 1st 1917

Many Happy Returns of The Day  
from Frank.





“To worship rightly is to  
love each other,  
Each smile a hymn, each  
kindly deed a prayer.”

*J. G. WHITTIER.*

# BROTHERHOOD

UNIV. OF  
CALIFORNIA

THE FATHERHOOD OF GOD  
THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

985

BY  
WARREN JONES MASTEN

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985

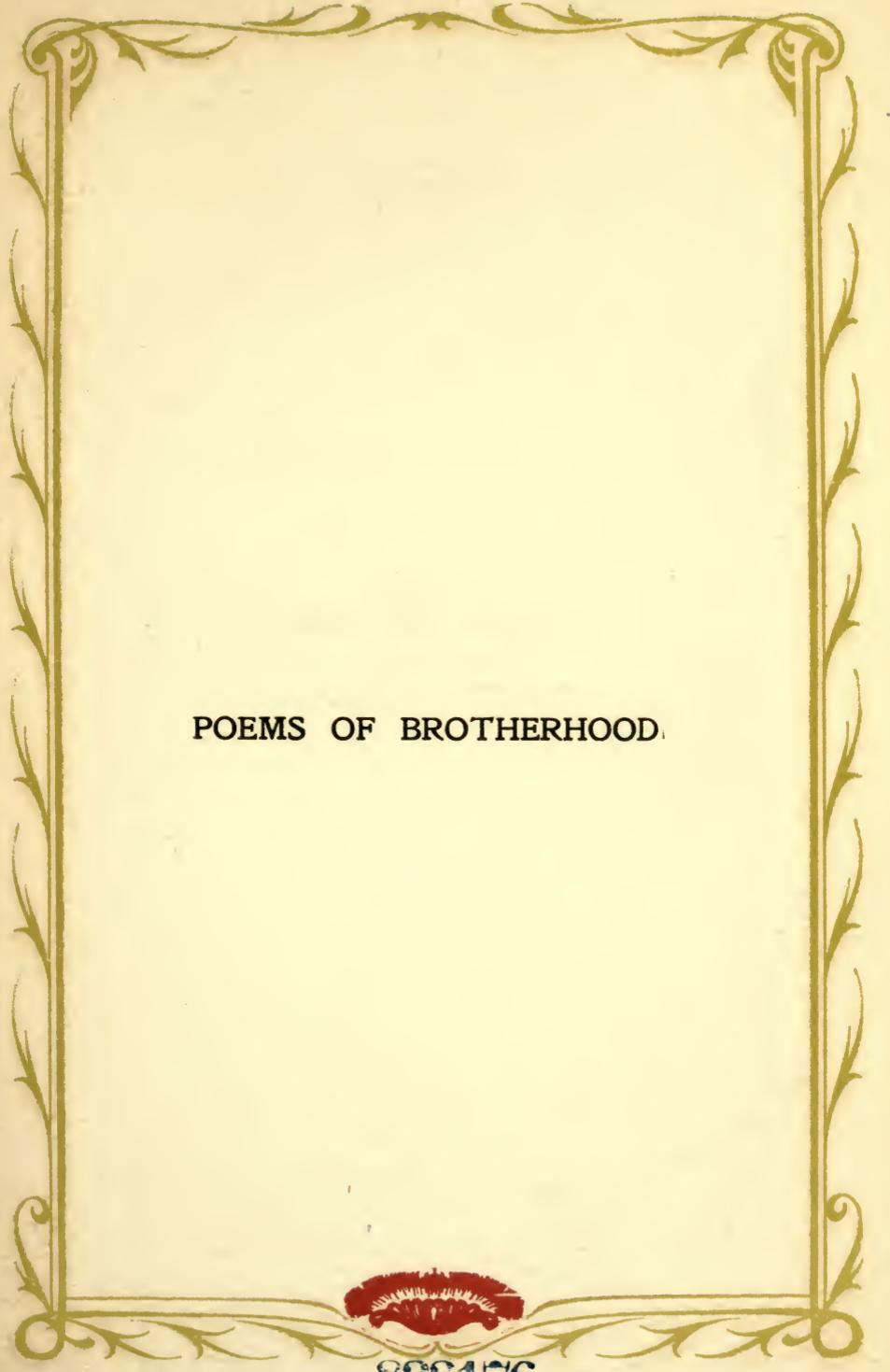


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POEMS OF BROTHERHOOD.



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## God is Love

**G**OD is Love, Oh never doubt it  
E'en when times are hard to bear,  
Live above thy griefs and worries,  
Trust them to a Father's care.

He can make the darkest place  
Seem to thee like brightest day,  
For His smile will pierce the darkness,  
And illumine all the way.

He can so uplift thy spirit  
Earth's woes seem of small account,  
On the wings of hope and courage,  
It will ever upward mount.

Help me, O God, I pray throughout the day  
To listen to the music of Thy voice,  
Then I shall hear from all created things  
Some notes arise which say "rejoice, rejoice"!

And when the day dawns cold and dark and drear,  
Of outward joy and beauty seeming bare,  
Open my senses to that kingdom near,  
Flooded with sunshine and with flowers most fair.

Beneath the darkest cloud that glooms the sky,  
Point where the gleams of purest silver hide,  
Show that earth's discord and her bitterest cry  
Foretell the harmony that shall abide.

## Sea Music

**A**T TWILIGHT time I sat beside the sea  
And listened to the waves' sad mur-  
muring;  
Waiting till they should sound less  
mournfully,  
And to my ears some notes of glad-  
ness bring.  
But with a deafening, maddening, clashing roar,  
As if they battled with an unseen foe,  
They only beat the louder on the shore,  
To die away in a long wail of woe.  
As deeper grew the shadows, one bright star  
Arose above the cliffs, high in the sky,  
And from its luminous throne in heights afar  
Looked down as watching with all-seeing eye.  
Then, when again I listened to the sea,  
Methought the waves rang paens of victory.

Thou must be lifted far  
Above all worldly care,  
E'en thou canst with Him share  
Such deep tranquility,  
That naught the senses jar  
Nor evil passions mar  
The soul's serenity.

He who lives near to God  
Will rise above the sod,  
Into those mountain heights,  
Whose every sound delights  
The ear, and wondrous sites  
Of loveliness satisfy  
The soul's deep sense of beauty.  
Live in the deep sense of my abiding tenderness  
to thee and others, then thou wilt have true blessed-  
ness.

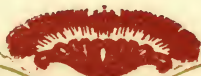
The Ideal is the Real  
Believe, it has power  
All foul disease to heal;  
Men need no more cower  
In dread of coming harm;  
This truth falls like a balm  
Upon all listening ears  
And routs disturbing fears.

Once raise the thought to things above,  
Then every little flower that grows  
Becomes a token of the love  
That breathes in all and overflows  
Into a stream that fills the earth  
With power to give beauty birth.

Be at peace, an angel's hand is troubling the  
waters of thy soul; when it is o'er there comes a rest-  
ful stillness to abide forevermore.

Be lifted up above all earthly strife,  
Be consciously at one with the true life,  
Then shall thy love for others be intense,  
Thy very presence bring with it the sense  
Of Him and His abiding tenderness.

Tell him to put his hand in mine  
And trust to me; I will safely lead  
Him all the narrow way till he  
Reach that haven where  
All storms are past.



## Unbound

**A** SAD SOUL! moaning in the web which  
Fate  
Hath spun around thee so thou canst  
not fly!  
Be still! No more bewail thine abject  
state,

For thee deliverance soon draweth nigh;  
A voice from soundless depths the secret tells;  
Nothing can bind a soul whose thoughts are stayed  
Upon eternal things, for in it dwells  
A consciousness which makes it unafraid.  
It looks beyond the seeming to the real;  
Knows that, which here apparently doth bind,  
Doth make it reach out after the ideal,  
Helps it the freedom of the truth to find;  
And now, at will, it soars above the world;  
Fate can no longer keep its pinions furled.

## A Vision

**A**PWARD I soared unto a sea of light,  
Around me surged great waves of  
melody.  
Each breath I drew brought with it  
strange delight,  
And life flowed into me abundantly.  
I realized my oneness with the All,  
My ears were opened to the overtone  
Of harmony which freed me from the thrall  
Of those discordant notes which make man moan.  
From this vast sea of light, of love, and song,  
I saw bright rays descending unto men,  
Uniting them to that inspired throng  
Who sing "All's well for God is Love, Amen!"  
While o'er the earth the Son of Righteousness  
Spread healing wings in brooding tenderness.

## True Work

**I**NTO all thou doest  
Put a grain of love;  
'Twill the sense of drudgery  
From all work remove.

That done in the kitchen  
Will as noble seem,  
As some grand achievement  
Wrought in fondest dream.

Never chiseled marble  
Proves a work of art,  
Bears it not the impress  
Of the sculptor's heart.

Matchless in its color,  
Every line most true;  
Painted without feeling—  
Wooden through and through.

Faultless in its measures,  
Sweet of sound the song;  
Voice it not the poet's soul—  
No song lives for long.

Eloquent the sermon,  
Beautiful the thought;  
Lies no life behind it,  
It will come to naught.

Homely words and diction,  
But the Spirit's power  
Brought through them upliftment  
To crushed souls that hour.

Perfect execution,  
No discordant note;  
Theme sublime, but lacking—  
It was played by note.

Just a simple ballad,  
With such feeling sung  
In all listening to it  
Answering chords were rung.

Earnest be of purpose  
And thy motive pure,  
Then whate'er thou doest  
Will for aye endure.

## To the Violin

**O** YE dumb, dumb notes within me  
That my voice cannot express,  
My heart will break, oh! set them free  
For me, to thee I can confess  
All my wild longings and the dreams  
Of loveliness which haunt my soul,  
Bringing the echoes from far streams  
Of heavenly melody which seems  
A part of me; the distant roll  
Of mighty waves of song awake  
Beneath my touch I now partake  
Through thee of bliss and find mine own  
Completeness; Joy will ne'er forsake  
Me now for I am not alone!

Out! out! upon the fast flowing tide  
Which bears her swiftly from me,  
Into that Bourne from which few return,  
That undiscovered country.

God gives me songs to sing in the night,  
But now their burden is pain,  
Or a yearning cry for one dear face  
To smile upon me again.

Sometimes methinks that my cry is heard  
And she whom I love is near,  
For answering chords which bid me hope  
Fall softly upon my ear.

When through me a certain chord vibrates  
I smile even through my tears,  
And think of the joys still left to me  
To brighten my lonely years.

All whom I love are forever mine,  
They are enshrined within my heart;  
What we call Death is naught but a dream  
For those who love do not part!

## Protection

**I** SINK to rest within the arms of Sleep,  
But first I bid my purest thoughts to keep  
Guard o'er me, lest aught of evil creep  
Too near the portals of my soul and find  
Entrance there; Nature's laws are always  
kind,

She also rules the kingdom of the mind,  
And has an antidote for every ill  
That comes to vex us; were we not so blind  
To her true teachings, gladness would enfill  
Our inmost being; Fear would cease to bind  
Us with its chains; at last we should partake  
Of that repose that never doth forsake  
Those who trust fully to the Over-soul,  
To strengthen, purify and make them whole.

## Poise

**S**OME day, despite the world's discordant  
noise,  
The soul will hear the undertone most  
sweet  
To which creation's mighty heart doth  
beat—

Will find at last a point of perfect poise.  
Ah! Not till then will it know of those joys,  
Unlike the ones that on life's path we meet,  
Which pass away too soon on footsteps fleet,  
So frail one whiff of adverse wind alloys.

The ocean hath a place of calm unshaken  
By fiercest hurricane that o'er it blows;  
So, when to consciousness a soul doth waken,  
Nothing can move it from its deep repose;  
But not until the chains to earth are riven  
Can unto it a bliss so great be given.

## The Soul's Day Time

**I**t is the day-time of the soul,  
When, piercing through earth's night  
Come flashes from that light  
Which point unto life's goal.

Its day-time is when 'neath the pain,  
Resounding soft and clear,  
Ring notes of hope and cheer  
From heaven's own glad refrain.

When in the midst of sin and strife  
There falls a blessed calm  
Which doth all fears disarm,  
It is the dawn of larger life.

'Tis perfect day when human love  
Provides the wings whereby  
The soul can upward fly—  
Drink from Love's fount above.

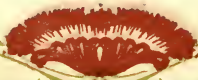
When I can let the sheen of heavenly regions  
Fall full upon me as I tread life's way,  
Small power o'er me hath Satan or his legions  
To make one footstep into bypaths stray.

But should I let a light than it less holy,  
My higher vision blind by its fierce glare,  
Angels who, in the purest abide solely,  
Flee, and foul beings from their caverns stare.

Sun of the Soul so shed thy rays around me,  
A circle will be found none can break through,  
Save those at least who long to see Thy glory  
And have their lips baptized with heavenly dew.

The Ideal is the Real  
Believe, it has power  
All foul diseases to heal,  
Men need no more cower  
In dread of coming harm  
This truth falls like a balm  
Upon all listening ears  
And routs disturbing fears.

Once raise the thoughts to things above,  
Then every little flower that grows,  
Becomes the token of the love  
That breathes in all and overflows  
Into a stream that feeds the earth  
With power to give beauty birth.



## My Prayer

**O** SPIRIT of life and love Divine,  
Remove from my soul its weight of woe,  
Let me the joy of Thy presence know.  
Reveal the truth to this heart of mine,

Keep my thoughts ever most pure and true,  
Help me desire Thy will to do,  
Guide my steps upward along the way  
That leads at last to the Perfect Day.

Never let Sorrow from me depart,  
Till I have looked deep into her heart,  
Fathomed the secret under her strings,  
Garnered the strength that suffering brings.

Give me of Wisdom as my bequest  
That I see clearly to choose the best,  
Grant me some power to bless the world  
And stay Evil's darts against it hurled.

## Consecration

**A**RITE it in letters of fire!  
Till it's burned upon thy brain!  
Cleanse thine every desire,  
Let not one foul stain remain.

Be given up wholly  
Unto the labor of love;  
May thy aim be only  
To lift men to thoughts above.

Trust Infinite Wisdom  
To reveal just what is best;  
Enter heaven's kingdom  
Where is heeded each request.

Be one with the Master  
In doing the Father's will;  
Life is the true tester,  
Obedience, doubts can still.

Faith gives a broad outlook  
For what the years have in store.  
He whom the world forsook  
Shows how to make little, more.

To the wells of living waters,  
O, make haste to go;  
Cast away the filthy tatters  
Of the garbs of woe.



Whoever takes of this refreshment,  
In his soul abides  
A deep sense of true contentment,  
Whatsoe'er betides.

For God's Wisdom seeth deeper  
Than man's eyes can see.  
Never is life's pathway steeper  
Than the strength may be.

Life is never to hard  
Unless we make it so;  
Our groanings but retard  
True progress. Soft and low  
The voice saith, Child, let go  
Thy self-hood. Strive no more  
For what the world calls fame;  
But only take His name  
And live it. He once bore  
The cross, now raised doth draw  
All men to Him by love's law.

Let my life be not one lived in vain,  
But spent in easing others' pain;  
With cleansing fires burn up all my dross,  
Teach me the true meaning of the Cross,  
Go and work in my vineyard,  
Trust to the Lord of the harvest  
To give thee what is thy due.

He prayeth, and his countenance is bright,  
He seeth wondrous things through Faith's clear sight,



He thinketh and his thoughts are pure and white,  
He speaketh words the Spirit doth indite,  
He liveth so that others seek the light,  
Soon cometh the victory of the right.

By our trials we're receiving cleansing as by fire,  
Through our weakness we are learning where strong  
souls inspire.

Be not like a reed, shaken by the wind; be steadfast,  
immovable, always abounding in works for the  
Lord; for ye know that your labor is not in vain in  
the Lord.

My servant shall be blessed  
Though now his burdens press  
Too heavy with their weight;  
At last will come a day  
I'll take them all away  
And he shall find true rest.

I will shine upon his darkness and there shall be light.



Peace rides in the teeth of the storm,  
Joy bides at the heart of sorrow,  
The soul hath no need of alarm  
That trusteth to God the morrow.

### All is Well

**A**LL that may come to me  
Of weal or woe  
Is from the Father's hand  
And He doth know  
Just what each soul requires  
To make it grow.

Aught He in love sees fit  
To take away,  
He doeth what is best,  
Trusting I say;  
Naught can disturb my peace  
When I obey.

All things result in good  
To those whose will  
Is fully one with His;  
What may seem ill  
Comes that it may some wise  
Purpose fulfill.

Therefore I fearlessly  
Travel along,  
Feeling a mighty arm,  
Saving from wrong,  
All is well, "God is Love,"  
This is my song.



We cannot gaze directly at the sun,  
But when at night the silver moon doth shine,  
We are reminded of the Perfect One  
Who came to show man he, too, is divine.  
When like the moon upon his upturned face  
Reflected glory from His sun falls there,  
Filling it full of loveliness and grace  
As when created in God's image fair.

And as the likeness groweth more and more,  
He lighteth all around the dreary night,  
And guideth many a weary traveler o'er  
The pitfalls which had else been hid from sight.  
Soon, conscious of his kinship to the One,  
He shines as doth a star, himself a Sun!



## Free Riches

**B**UTTERCUPS and grass stars nodding in  
the breeze,  
Children's happy voices as they bring us  
these;  
They are but a portion of Dame Nature's  
wealth,  
Wealth none need ever fear thieves will steal by  
stealth.

Birds are singing blithely in the budding trees,  
Brooks are rippling gaily toward the summer's seas,  
Everything is striving to bring us heart's ease.  
O ye weary plodders burdened down with woe,  
Learn from such happy things how to let care go.  
Take the goods that each day offers at your door,  
Then indeed you will have an increasing store  
Of such treasures as will give you lasting joy,  
For naught can their beauty mar nor worth destroy.

O Lord! remove the film across mine eyes,  
Which hides from me the brightness of the day,  
E'en when I look from earth into the skies  
I see no azure, only dismal gray.  
There was a time winds sweeping through the trees,  
Brought music to mine ears sweet, soft and low,  
But now, in place of soothing melodies  
They bring the sobbing tones, bespeaking woe.  
Once I could feel a presence ever near,  
Watching o'er me with brooding tender care,  
Taking away all sense of haunting fear.  
Now I am left alone with grim despair!  
Lay on my head thy hand with touch divine,  
No longer dimmed, mine eyes with joy will shine.

## Life

**D**EATH stepped across my threshold  
And took me by the hand,  
To lead me through dark waters  
Unto an unknown strand.

While thus my lay panting,  
Stripped of its robes of clay,  
One came with shining raiment  
And with it flew away.

Higher, still higher mounting,  
From heaven to heaven they soar,  
Angels who guard the portals,  
Fling open door by door.

Beyond all mortal vision,  
Beyond its fondest hope,  
My soul to new life wakens  
Of ever widening scope.

## Birthday Message



HY star still shines upon thee from on high  
And some day thou wilt mount unto  
a height  
From which its portals open to thine eye  
And its full glory bursts upon thy sight.

Strive every day to live so thou canst take  
One upward step to help thee reach thy goal;  
Unceasing pray until in thee awake  
Desire thy star shall all thy walk control.

God gives unto each soul a guiding star,  
Following whose light it will that pathway see,  
Which unto the glistening peaks afar,  
Bathed in the radiance of Eternity.



## Prayer

**B**REAK, Lord, I pray, the chains of the flesh.  
Make thou a rent within its coarse mesh  
Through which will enter one pure white  
gleam  
Caught from the fount whence all light  
doth stream.

Like a freed bird my soul then will soar  
Until it comes to heaven's own door,  
Gaining the courage to knock with hope,  
Some Being fair unto it will ope.

## Birthday Message

**B**E THIS the birthday message to thy soul,  
Let none save God thy thoughts and  
acts control.

Then will the Spirit grant thee for thy  
dower

The gift to write true songs of deathless  
power.

Songs which shall live within the hearts of men  
Long after thou art gone and give again  
Some measure of what into being brought  
Their words of life with inspiration fraught,  
Each day draw nearer unto Being's heart  
Until it doth unto thine own impart  
The perfect rhythm which makes its every beat  
Send through the world vibrations strong and sweet.



## The Love and Will Divine

**T**HOU knowest what is best, O Love Divine,  
E'en when I weep and wail in agony;  
If I can lift my soul in prayer to Thee,  
And try to merge my will in that of Thine,  
I taste the sweetness in life's bitterest wine;  
The Everlasting Arms most tenderly  
Enfold me round, and through the dark I see  
Some gleams of light upon my pathway shine.

One comes with dextrous touch and mends the strings  
Long broken of my harp and softly plays  
A soothing melody which with it brings  
A sense of peace and solace and of praise.  
Closer unto the Universal Heart  
Mine own is drawn and all its aches depart.

# California Poem

1849-1915

## The Land of Promise

**O** GLORIOUS land of sunshine!  
Of fruit, of flowers and song.  
As to a land of promise  
The nations to thee throng.

Thy Golden Gate stands open,  
To welcome all who come;  
Thy vine-clad hills and fertile vales  
Of plenty speak and—home.

The sick and broken-hearted  
Beneath thy warm, blue skies  
Find life and hope reviving,  
And old ambitions rise.

Thy grand, soul-stirring scenery  
Doth inspiration give  
To poet, painter, sculptor,  
To bring forth works that live.

Thou art the longed-for Canaan  
To many a weary soul,  
And many a restless wanderer  
Reaches in thee his goal.

Flowing with milk and honey,  
In richest raiment dressed—  
Surely thou art most worthy  
To fulfill every quest.

The gold which drew men thither  
Is not thy greatest wealth,  
But the free gifts thou offerest  
Of beauty, sunshine, health.

## God's Touch upon the Soul

**W**ITHOUT the touch of God upon the soul  
The fullest life that earth can give  
is marred;  
With it, as portion of the Perfect  
Whole,  
Is shown the one which seems most  
bare and hard.

What otherwise had proved a stumbling block  
Hath now become a means whereby to rise,  
And when the shadows gather fast and dark,  
Faith points beyond where clearest azure lies.

No longer crushed beneath environment,  
None is too narrow for the soul to see  
Wherein its walls God's hand hath made a rent  
To let in glimpses of Infinity.

Nor yet too thick has any wall been made  
But that through it the listening ear can hear  
Sweet strains of music by Immortals played,  
Wafted to earth God's children there to cheer.

And when the soul seems utterly alone,  
Bereft of all the ties that make life dear,  
God comes to it and makes His presence known,  
Whispering, "Be not lonely, I am here."



## Lullaby



AKE me and cradle me in thy arms,  
Weary am I and oppressed;  
Soothe me by singing thy lullaby—  
Rock me to sleep on thy breast.

Soft is thy bosom, O Mother Earth,  
Sweet are thy kisses to me;  
Folded close in thy fond embrace,  
From every trouble I'm free.

Lay me down gently upon thy couch,  
Peacefully there I shall sleep;  
Over me for a warm coverlet,  
Daisies and grasses will creep.

Breezes are singing my requiem,  
But a glad bird of the skies  
Flings down some notes of a higher song,  
Bidding my spirit arise.

Fettered no more by its house of clay,  
Joyfully it wings its flight;  
Wends its way upward where evermore  
It shall abide in the Light!

The glory of the hills is mine,  
When unto them I raise my eyes;  
They give to me the strength to climb,  
Unto the skies.



Nor matters it how far below,  
I now am dwelling if I see  
A pathway from the valleys low,  
Prepared for me.

Great things from small beginnings grow,  
The acorn holds the tree;  
A single talent rightly used  
A mighty power may be.

One little kindly word or act,  
If prompted by the heart,  
May make this whole round world of ours  
Of heaven to seem a part.

A look of recognition given  
Unto the lonely soul,  
May waken it to consciousness  
Of oneness with the whole.

In thine inner chamber  
There is always light,  
Though oftimes earth's shadows  
Hide it from the sight.

In this same still chamber,  
Truth doth ever dwell;  
And to those who listen  
Life's deep secrets tell.



## Prayer

**A**OME, heavenly love,  
Into my soul.  
Take all my passions  
'Neath thy control.

Lift them, I pray,  
Above the sod,  
So I can see  
The face of God.

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## God's Kindergarten

**E**XQUISITE works of color and designing  
God scatters freely all along life's way;  
By their rare beauty our taste so refining,  
He makes us long for lovelier ones  
than they.

Like children in the kindergarten playing,  
Through object lessons we are being taught  
How God through symbols is forever yearning  
To help us grasp some holy, deathless thought.

When all around us we see bright things dying,  
He whispers, look beyond this world of sense;  
From them you might see beauteous forms uplying  
Were your love for things the temporal less intense.

Nothing is lost, then why for it be sighing?  
What we call Death is sent that touch to give  
Which frees the living germ in all things lying,  
So it henceforth a higher life may live.



A heart received a barbed word  
Which cut it like a two-edged sword.  
Quivering with pain it nearly broke,  
But in the end true strength awake.

The pain was there allowed to lie  
Just long enough until thereby  
Grew knowledge how to others bring  
Some succour in their suffering.  
Then! then! at last was gone the sting.

With firm intent to reach my goal  
I upward press, nor do I mind  
How rough the path, for in my soul  
New life I find.

Which groweth stronger day by day,  
As I inhale the atmosphere  
Of mountain heights upon the way,  
So pure, so clear.

When notes of trouble  
Float on the air  
One word Love utters  
Brings music rare.

It gives the courage  
To go through life  
Full of rejoicing  
In midst of strife.

Garners the sweetness  
From bitterest things,  
Gives by its touching  
The soul its wings.

On them it soareth  
Up to the sky,  
Where it discovers  
Love cannot die.

## Refraction

**A**N ARROW speeding through the air  
Smote a lone bird that hovered there.  
Fluttering its wings, it heaved a sigh,  
Then fell upon the earth to die.

A passerby who saw the bird  
Was by its cry of anguish stirred.  
He drew the arrow from its breast,  
With healing balm its wounds he dressed.  
The little life that in it breathed  
Grew stronger as it care received.  
Had not Love Death's course it must  
Too soon have passed into the dust.

Weary sojourner  
Beside the sea,  
God's loving kindness  
Protecteth thee.

Wherefore be lonely?  
There's one is near  
Who watcheth o'er thee—  
Then have no fear.



## Prayer

**M**AKE me a channel, Lord,  
Through which Thou canst express,  
Some portion of Thy living word  
Wherewith the world to bless.

All obstacles remove  
From the inflowing free  
Of that sweet stream of harmony  
Which ever flows from Thee.

Then I shall find the voice  
To sing some little song,  
Whose notes have caught a power divine,  
To help dispel the wrong.

Upon thy bosom, gracious Love Divine,  
I lay my head and through me feel the beat  
Of thy great heart's pulsations strong and sweet,  
Filling with melody this soul of mine,  
Upon the waves of music wondrous fine,  
It soars to regions higher, ever higher,  
Until it comes where the angelic choir,  
With myriad voices in thy praise combine.

Now earth's discordant notes but serve to make  
The ones of harmony more clearly ring,  
And in my soul those inner senses wake,  
Which help it find its voice in time to sing  
With life's own song glad in its undertone,  
However much its surface ones may moan.

White light of Love shine full upon my way,  
Then it will matter not how rough it grows,  
Nor yet how dark or drear may grow the day,  
For thy clear light such radiance on it throws,  
I walk as one whose eyes are fixed on heaven,  
Unmindful of what lies beneath my feet.

For unto those Love-lighted it is given,  
To see its glory, hear its music sweet;  
No more alone, no longer desolate  
Since thou dost shine, O light of Love, am I;  
Thou showest me, if I in patience wait,  
My heart's desire will greet me by and by,  
My part is it to let Love's overflow  
Drive from my soul all that which binds below.



## Prayer

**A**OME, heavenly love,  
Into my soul.  
Take all my passions  
'Neath thy control.

Lift them, I pray,  
Above the sod,  
So I can see  
The face of God.

A heart received a barbed word,  
Which cut it like a two-edged sword;  
Quivering with pain it nearly broke,  
But in the end true strength awake.

The pain was there allowed to lie,  
Just long enough until thereby  
Grew knowledge how to others bring  
Some succour in their suffering;  
Then! then! at last was gone the sting.

With firm intent to reach my goal  
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Of mountain heights upon the way  
So pure, so clear.

When notes of trouble  
Float on the air,  
One word, "Love others,"  
Brings music rare.

It gives the courage  
To go through life  
Full of rejoicing  
In midst of strife.

Garners the sweetness  
From bitterest things,  
Gives by its touching  
To soul its wings.

On then it soareth,  
Up to the sky,  
Where it discovers  
Love cannot die.

The glory of the hills is mine,  
When unto them I raise my eyes;  
They give to me the strength to climb,  
Unto the skies.

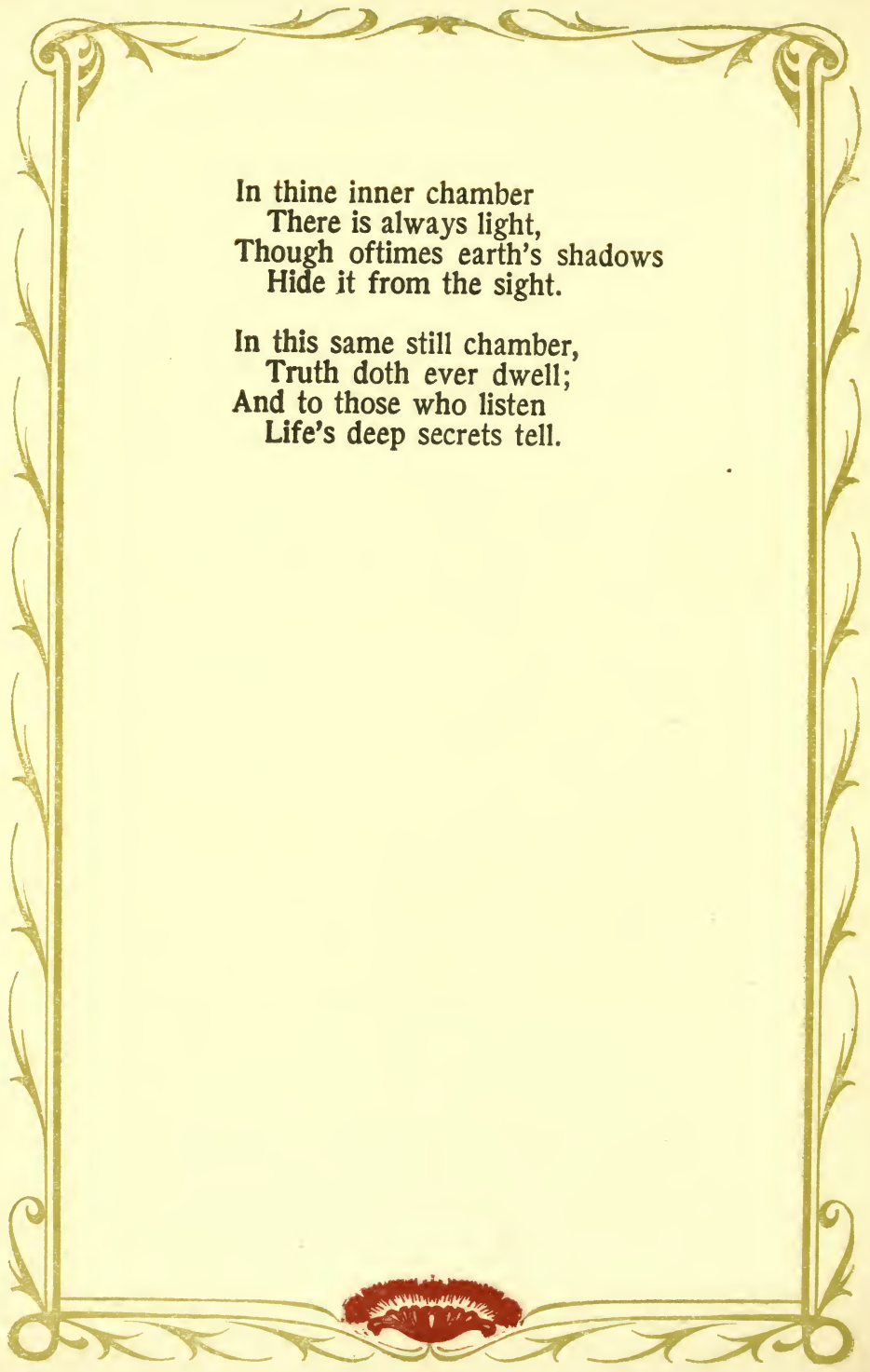
Nor matters it how far below,  
I now am dwelling if I see  
A pathway from the valleys low,  
Prepared for me.

Great things from small beginnings grow,  
The acorn holds the tree;  
A single talent rightly used  
A mighty power may be.

One little kindly word or act,  
If prompted by the heart,  
May make this whole round world of ours  
Of heaven to seem a part.

A look of recognition given  
Unto the lonely soul,  
May waken it to consciousness  
Of oneness with the whole.





In thine inner chamber  
There is always light,  
Though oftentimes earth's shadows  
Hide it from the sight.

In this same still chamber,  
Truth doth ever dwell;  
And to those who listen  
Life's deep secrets tell.

## Heaven Within

**T**OO long have we bent all our energies  
To reach a heaven created by the brain,  
And there be saved from everlasting pain,  
When in ourselves lies all of bliss there is.

For in a low condition of the mind  
A hell more frightful than e'en Dante saw  
Or Dore by his mighty brush could draw,  
We can within its loathsome chambers find.

Christ came to teach us how to saviours be,  
By daily striving some live word to speak;  
To raise the fallen and make strong the weak—  
His is the truth that doth from bondage free.  
Who follows in the footsteps that He trod,  
Will find his heaven within and there see God.

## Regenerated

**A**BROWN and withered atom  
I lay upon life's shore,  
O'er which wild waves came crashing  
With maddening, deafening roar.

While lying faint and gasping,  
From soundless depths within  
A voice spake words so powerful  
They rose above the din.

Then with a mighty effort,  
Although so near to die,  
Once more I stood upon my feet  
And looked into the sky.

Into my withered tissues  
I drew God's vital breath,  
Which thrilling through my being,  
Loosened the clutch of Death.

Like one just new-created  
I set sail on life's sea,  
With overmastering passion  
To serve humanity.

# California Poppy

Official Flower of the Golden State

## To the California Poppy

**F**ROM thee, thou sun-kissed flower,  
More real wealth comes to me  
Than what is hid in gold mines  
Or buried in the sea.

All through thy life, though skies may change,  
Thy sunshine never fails  
To shed its brightness all around  
O'er hills and meadow dales.

Were the first pioneers of old,  
Who came here seeking gold,  
Too deeply steeped in glittering dust  
To watch thy buds unfold?

Some of them must have written,  
When the day's work was o'er,  
About the beauty blooming  
Upon the Western shore.

While gazing in thy chalice,  
Clairvoyant grow mine eyes,  
And see where in the future  
Love's kingdom shall arise.

In it those with abundance blessed  
Give generously as thou,  
For to no God of Mammon, then,  
Does mankind longer bow.

Now, every one the message reads  
Within this beautiful state,  
And each ship that nears its harbor  
Sails through a "Golden Gate."



## Song

**A**PON a sea of glory,  
Stretching from hill to bay,  
My soul with sails set westward,  
Embarked at close of day.

Above the sky was trembling  
With color-waves of light,  
The sun's last farewell token,  
Today ere fall of night.

Some tender tints of twilight  
Dropped softly from the sky,  
Giving to earth the signal,  
The reign of night was nigh.

Then darkness for a moment,  
O'er all the world held sway,  
Till myriad glittering star-beams,  
Pierced through it ray by ray.

So soul that soareth skyward,  
For thee is no real night,  
What comes is for revealing  
Unto thee fuller light.

Blind not thine eyes so that they cannot see  
The hidden good beneath thy grief and pain,  
That joy the loss of which thou didst complain  
Was taken by love's hand to set thee free.

From what would keep a greater joy from thee,  
Earth's seeming evils never prove a bane  
To those who from all bitterness refrain  
And trust themselves to love implicitly.

Unless the seed deprived of light had lain  
Buried a season in the dark of earth,  
Sufficiency of strength it could not gain  
To give the beauty sleeping in its birth;  
Likewise, O soul, impatience bide thy time  
Till loss and sorrow bring forth joy sublime.



## Tiny Hands



THREE tiny blades of grass  
Whisper to those who pass,  
Like us, always aspire  
To climb a little higher.

Yet do not scorn the ground,  
For therein may be found  
The means where with to rise  
Nearer unto the skies.

Learn to contented be,  
Where God for us He  
Knows just the fittest place  
For you to grow in grace.



## The New Day

**G**O FORTH and greet the day; the night is  
done;  
Put by thy past; with it begin anew;  
Come forth and do obeisance to the sun,  
And let his rays enkindle light in you.

Life is too precious, and too fair a thing,  
To let one day of it unwelcome go;  
Come forth and greet the dawn, and with it sing,  
E'en though your song be wrung from the heart's  
woe

Receive each hour, as if it were a gift,  
Sent unto you with tender, loving thoughts;  
Should some bring clouds, have faith that they will  
lift  
Or through their falling harvests will be wrought.

When, toward the day, this attitude you take,  
Within your soul the morning's joy will wake.



## Upliftment



ETHOUGHT I looked upon the face of  
Christ, and as I gazed all doubt-  
ing fled away,  
For in His presence naught but truth  
can stay.

Desires were changed and what had once enticed  
me by its outward beauty, from those heights where  
truth and beauty are as one, lost power o'er me,  
for at this most uplifting hour alluring things in  
which the sense delights, charmed me no more.

I was so filled with bliss unspeakable. Every aspira-  
tion seemed realized; from Him inspiration flowed  
to my soul, like to a holy kiss. It touched me, awak-  
ing there a spirit kin to His own, wide love the  
heart of it.

Altho my life in outward things  
Seem cramped and mean and poor,  
Of hidden treasures of the heart  
I have an ample store.

The picture of the earth, sea, sky  
I have the eyes to see,  
And nature's myriad voices sing  
The sweetest songs to me.

Altho no fixed abode have I,  
But like a wanderer roam,  
Builders unseen are helping me  
To rear a lasting home.



Its turrets tower into the sky,  
Its treasures, rich and rare,  
Naught can corrupt its garden's bloom  
With blossoms wondrous fair.

Into its inmost chambers love  
Entered and with a kiss  
Opened for me another world,  
One steeped in light and bliss.

Now love has left me all alone,  
Wherefore need I repine;  
He gave to me this gift of gifts—  
The soul of all—for mine.

And when I listened to its voice,  
Far, far above the sod,  
I soared aloft on outspread wings  
Unto the breast of God.



## Birthday Message

**B**E THIS the birthday message to thy soul,  
Let none save God thy thoughts and  
acts control.

Then will the Spirit grant thee for thy  
dower

The gift to write true songs of deathless  
power.

Songs which shall live within the hearts of men  
Long after thou art gone and give again  
Some measure of what into being brought  
Their words of life with inspiration fraught,  
Each day draw nearer unto Being's heart  
Until it doth unto thine own impart  
The perfect rhythm which makes its every beat  
Send through the world vibrations strong and sweet.

## The Day's Bringing

**I** BRING to some life's crowning joy,  
To some its bitterest woe;  
Some greet me with their brightest smile,  
Some with the tears o'erflow.

But could they look into my heart,  
E'en those who suffer pain;  
They'd see since love is at its core,  
For none I dawn in vain.

I bring what wisdom I can find  
To help the soul to soar  
Upon the wings of joy or grief  
Straightway to heaven's own door.

Close by a babbling brook  
I build my nest;  
Each eve its rippling notes  
Lull me to rest.

Each morn its happy voice  
Helps me to rise  
And out on life to look  
Through hopeful eyes.

All day while at my work,  
Its silvery tones  
Tell how to smoothly glide  
Over rough stones.



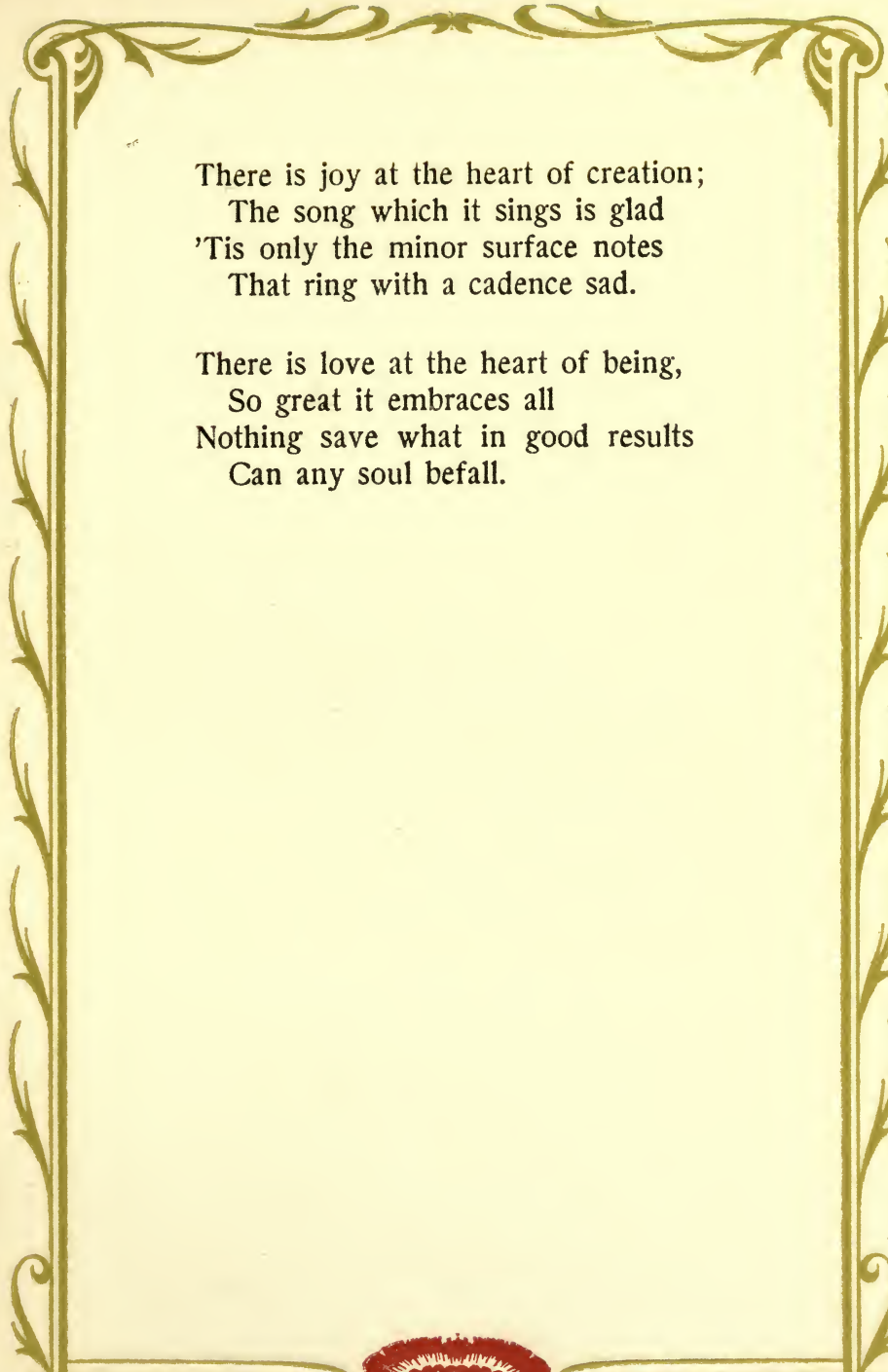
Like thee, O little brook,  
Blithesome I'd be,  
For are we not both bound  
Unto the sea?

And as I seaward go  
Melody make  
Which will responsive chords  
In others wake.

When near the sea's great heart,  
Thro ours will thrill  
Music none hear until  
Earth's noise grows still.

Free from the depths of ages' dust,  
Wherein it hath too long been hid,  
The living beauty of the word,  
Then when it shines forth clear and bright  
Those who now sit in doubt's dark night  
Will strive to read its meaning right,  
And journey onward in the light of day.

Let thy words come fresh from the heart,  
For only thus can they have power  
To speak and rouse as from the dead  
Those who now slumber. In their stead  
Live men should walk the earth made free—  
Glad, hopeful, strong, content to be  
One with God's whole eternal plan of life.



There is joy at the heart of creation;  
The song which it sings is glad  
'Tis only the minor surface notes  
That ring with a cadence sad.

There is love at the heart of being,  
So great it embraces all  
Nothing save what in good results  
Can any soul befall.



## A Sunflower

**A** BARE back-yard without a tree  
Had one spot very bright,  
For there a single fair flower grew  
Whose face turned toward the light.


Of the poor soil it took no heed;  
From a high source it drew  
The halo shining round its head  
Of golden-tinted hue.

Each day it gladly did its best  
To brighten its small world,  
When, drooped and brown, its many seeds  
Were ready to unfold.

Some fell to earth, some in a heart,  
Where they took root aright;  
So from one little life may spring  
A harvest of great might.



## Joy

 HERE is joy at the heart of creation  
The song which it sings is glad;  
'Tis only the minor surface notes  
That ring with a cadence sad.

There is love at the heart of being  
So great it embraces all.  
Nothing save what in good results  
Can any soul befall.

Be still and look within,  
There hushed from worldly din  
The voice of love speaks low  
All that the soul need know.

Be still and seek His will,  
In all things He can fill  
Thy soul so full of calm,  
So deep, no false alarm  
Of danger can decrease  
Thine inmost sense of peace.

Fast folded in His love,  
From harm thou art secure,  
And like the rocks above,  
The waves, canst storms endure.

## Inspiration

**M**Y SONGS come to me as the gift of God  
To give me strength when all of mine  
was spent,  
To show me how through all to be  
content—

Not more in sunshine than when times  
grow hard.

Teach me, O Lord, to use this gift aright;  
Write thou upon the tablets of my heart  
The truths which Thou dost wish me to impart  
To other souls, to guide them to the light.  
Breathe into me the Spirit of the Son  
That I may live for others as did He,  
Then not ashamed shall I give back to Thee  
What Thou didst give, when my day's work is done.  
Sing through me to the world some glad refrain  
Of that sweet song of life that drives out pain.  
Although it may not seem to thee  
Just what thy wish would have it be,  
He always heedeth thy request  
And sends just what He knows is best.  
Look up, oh! be not sunk in woe.  
How canst thou slight His promise so?  
"A bruised reed he will not break,"  
Nor any burdened soul forsake.  
Ask and receive, and lo; thy joy  
No doubt nor sorrow can destroy.  
Knock and there shall open wide  
Doors that wondrous regions hide.

Take courage, bid thy soul rejoice;  
It hath been granted thee free choice  
Of seeing merely trouble's sting,  
Or letting it new insight bring  
To sense the inmost heart of things.  
Not tares, but wheat, the seed will reap,  
That lie within the heart so deep;  
That daily life brings with it new delight  
And I am taught to walk by faith, not sight;  
Those things that once brought with them only pain,  
Now that my ears have caught the glad refrain  
Of heaven's music, show what I deemed loss  
Were really sent for my exceeding gain—  
To help me learn the meaning of the Cross!  
Thou shalt be a power for good,  
To teach mankind true brotherhood.

The power from on high enfills my soul!  
Away from me the clouds of darkness roll!  
A sense of His abiding presence steals  
O'er my being, the comforter reveals  
To me the truth I so long sought with tears,  
Forever past are those tormenting fears  
That kept me sad and downcast all these years;  
My soul rejoices in such glorious light  
That daily life brings with it new delight  
And I am taught to walk by faith, not sight;  
Those things that once brought with them only pain.  
Now, that my ears have caught the glad refrain  
Of heaven's music, show what I deemed loss  
Were really sent for my exceeding gain  
To help me learn the meaning of the cross.

## „Thy Will, Not Mine“

### Hymn

**I** WOULD, O Father,  
That this will of mine  
May ever be  
Subservient to Thine.

Do unto me  
As seemeth to Thee best,  
To make me flee  
For shelter to Thy breast.

“Know the power of self and smile on all.”

When thou has conscious grown,  
O self of mine,  
That thou dost draw thy life  
From source divine.  
Thou wilt cognizant be  
Of wondrous power,  
And all good things of life  
Shall be thy dower.

Thou wilt become a sun,  
And from thee stream  
A living radiance  
On all to beam.

## The Right Touch

**A** SUNBEAM fell upon a clod of earth,  
And by its shining showed the glimmer there  
Of something precious that revealed its worth,  
So seemingly at first of beauty bare.

An instrument in silence waited long  
For one to come and wake the music there;  
A touch, a freed voice pours forth notes of song  
That rise rejoicingly upon the air.

Men are but clods, their souls are mute  
Until the Spirit breathes on them with love divine;  
Then from their lips drop words that others thrill  
And with an inward light their faces shine.

## A Cloud-Rift

**D**ENSE gloom o'erspread the sky; the atmosphere  
Was heavy with its weight of tears unshed.  
My soul lay crushed beneath a sense of dread;

From Nature suddenly depression fled;  
I raised my eyes and from the deeps o'erhead  
The silver rain came dropping tear by tear.

It ceased, the air was blowing light and clear,  
And from my soul the burden of its woe  
That had been slowly gathering year by year  
Was lifted, for it felt glad joy inflow.  
Imbined from Nature's joy the storm was o'er,  
Out burst the sun and joy grew more and more.



## Fogs

**T**HE atmosphere is cold and thick and gray,  
A veil of mist obscures the rising sun;  
The fog-horn sends its warning o'er the  
bay,  
The day seems waning, though but  
just begun.

The soul is cast upon itself for light,  
And well, indeed, if it find shining there  
Rays of that sun which never knows the night,  
Nor yet doth ever shed too fierce a glare.  
But should it find its chambers likewise dim,  
Beclouded by the fogs and mists of earth,  
It must more carefully its lamp retrim,  
Refilling with an oil of priceless worth.  
Thus may a soul a lighthouse prove to be  
To ships becalmed upon life's fog-girt sea.



## True Success

**W**HOM the world regards a failure,  
God may deem a great success;  
Failure caused by aiming skyward  
Is a mark of nobleness.

None need call himself a failure  
Till he recognize defeat;  
Souls of victors truly have they  
Who undaunted ill luck meet.

Better than to rest contented  
With some paltry triumph now,  
Is to be forever striving,  
Though on earth an uncrowned brow.



## The Master Musician

**I** AM the instrument, but Thou, O Lord,  
The Great Musician art, so play on me  
As seemeth best to Thee; but let one chord  
So deeply stir my soul 'twill give the key  
To all the wealth of slumbering melody  
Waiting within the soul of every man,  
Until a touch like Thine shall set it free.  
Teach me Thine art, so that I likewise can  
Bring out the sweetest notes in every one  
With whom I come in contact; I would be  
Responsive to Thy lightest touch, then none  
Lacking Thy spirit shall have power o'er me,  
And all the music Thou dost in me wake,  
In lives of others shall true concord make.

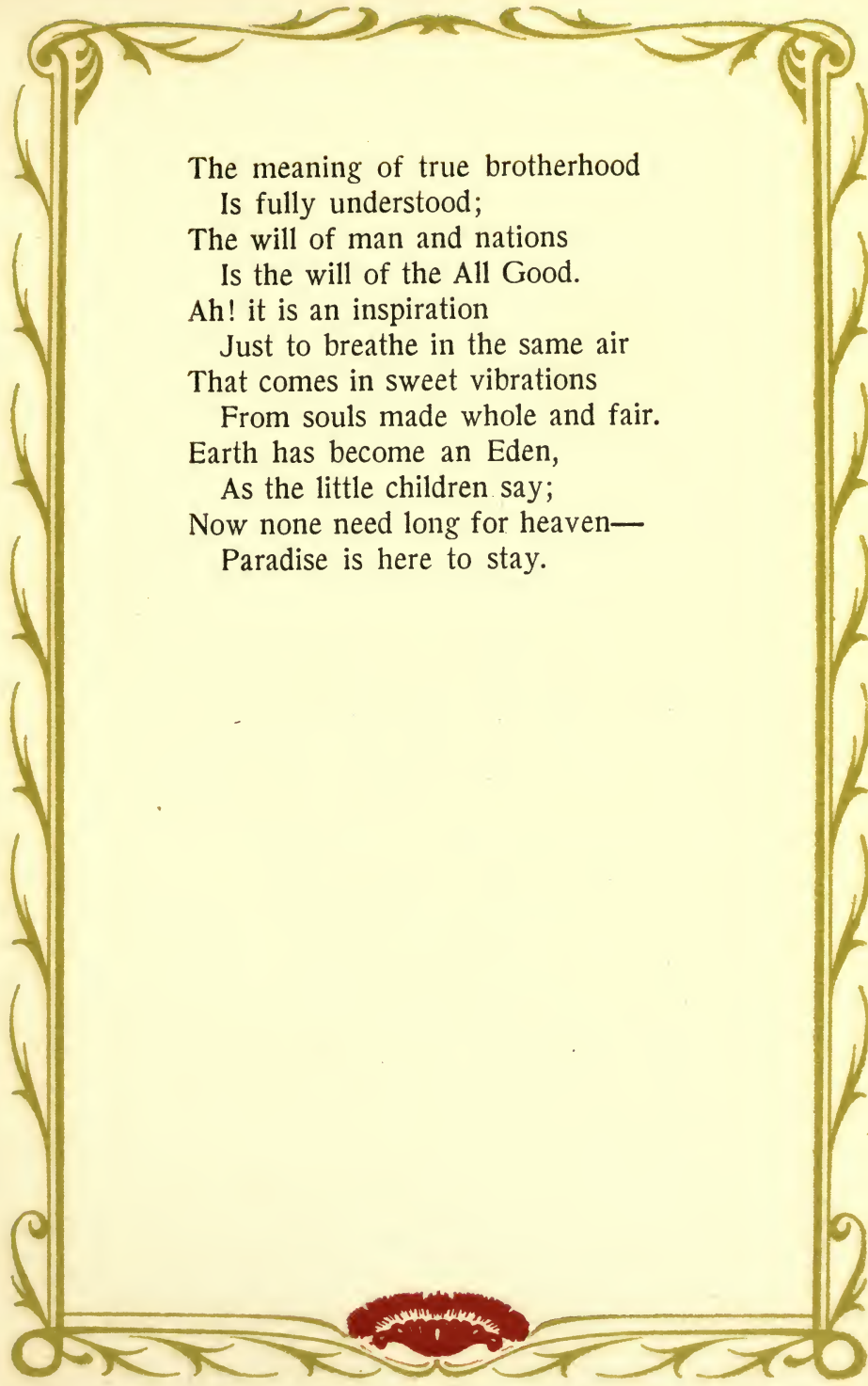
## The Kingdom Come

**T**HE beauty of Creation,  
The promise of the morn,  
The spring-tide's exultation,  
Make us hopeful for the dawn  
Of a day of joy and brightness.

In swift coming future times,  
When hearts full of happiness  
Join in melodious chimes  
That evennow are pealing—  
Though far distant, on the air—  
Nearer, nearer they are stealing,  
Soon we'll hear them everywhere.

Then, then with gladsome voices  
We shall hail the new-born day,  
For everything rejoices  
Now that night has passed away.  
Each man regards his neighbor,  
For the Golden Rule is law,  
And it is his daily labor  
To put by, from which to draw,  
A fund of love that never fails,  
But groweth more and more—  
The receiver and the giver  
Are both blessed from the same store.





The meaning of true brotherhood  
Is fully understood;  
The will of man and nations  
Is the will of the All Good.  
Ah! it is an inspiration  
Just to breathe in the same air  
That comes in sweet vibrations  
From souls made whole and fair.  
Earth has become an Eden,  
As the little children say;  
Now none need long for heaven—  
Paradise is here to stay.

## Prayer for Love

**I** ASK thee, Lord, that thou wilt give to me  
A heart so full of love for all my kind,  
In every one I meet mine eyes shall see  
Some likeness there which shall of Thee  
remind.

Why are we taught such reverence for a book,  
To bow the knee in a cathedral's hall,  
While with a careless eye too oft we look  
On man—who of Thy works is chief of all?

From one, however worthless seemingly,  
Bid me before in scorn I turn away,  
Remember that in God's own image he was first  
created to regain some day;  
No mark divine is ever quite effaced,  
Love's eyes can see it in the most debased.

## Conditions of Growth

**T**HE soul must dwell within a silence deep,  
So deep that no intruder there can creep,  
To break its peaceful calm if it would see  
Into the great truths of eternity.

It must its every window open wide  
If it would in the light of heaven abide,  
Must drink deep draughts drawn from life's living  
fount,  
Would it gain strength wherewith to upward mount.

Must into all its inmost being breathe  
Jehovah's breath would it this gift receive,  
The Spirit's power enable it to be  
A helpful force unto humanity.

## Christ's Second Coming

**S**OON we shall feel deep pulsations  
Vibrating through the earth;  
Travail-time draws near for the nations  
To give the new-order birth.

And a glorious star is rising,  
Like that on the blessed morn,  
Which led the shepherds, their watch surprising,  
To where the Christ-child was born.

Then He was born in a manger,  
But now in the hearts of men;  
Of war there will be no danger  
When Christ shall thus come again.

The doors of the prisons will open—  
They will be needed no more,  
For peace and good-will have been spoken,  
And none are evil or poor.

Upon the Cross the world for ages  
Has nailed the Christ o'er and o'er;  
Now it seeks to undo the traces  
Of the wounds He there for us bore.

“And if I be uplifted,  
All men will unto me draw”  
Is fulfilled, for, regenerated,  
Mankind has learned Love's high law.

## Service

**T**HE Master washed his disciples' feet,  
The Father's will was his daily meat;  
Though oft the way was rough and steep,  
He took to save some wandering sheep,  
And with briers his hands were torn,  
Time came his crown of thorns was worn  
With a majesty no king could scorn.

**“Not Every One That Saith Unto  
Me, Lord, Lord, Etc.”**

**I** KNOW ye not—depart from me  
Ye workers of iniquity;  
Although ye saith to me “Lord, Lord!”  
Your lives with it do not accord.

With tender hands ye never led  
The faltering feet, nor have ye fed  
The hungry with my living bread;  
Go make your home among the dead.

For heaven’s fair kingdom is for such,  
Who with their brothers keep in touch,  
Who earnestly through life have tried  
To live as did the Crucified.

## Prayer

**F**REE me, O Lord, from every selfish thought  
That I may live in service for the all,  
Take any means Thy wisdom shows is  
best  
To break the chains which keep in  
Selfhood's thrall.

Help me to rise above my cares and griefs  
In thinking of the good which I may do,  
When naught impedes the inflow of that life,  
Whose entrance doth with love for all imbue.

## To the Healer

**O** PEN thy soul so wide to the inflow,  
Of life and health and strength from  
source above,  
Thou art no longer fearful the outflow  
Will leave thee emptied, freely give  
in love.

For the supply, aye, equals the demand;  
In God's fair kingdom all is offered free,  
He only asks obey ye this command:  
"As ye receive, so give again to me."

Each day go out and seek some needy soul  
In midst of plenty hungering for that Bread,  
Sent down from heaven to make all strong and whole,  
Who are upon its substance daily fed,  
Ere thou canst break this bread live all the while  
So near to God that nothing can defile.



## Generosity

**S**EE how the flower so holds its cup  
That the sun's warmth may fill it up  
With strength to grow and nectar prepare  
For bees to sup and still have more  
That others may the sweetness share.

Go fill thy soul with dews of heaven,  
Give and ever give, let no thought of having  
Naught for self intrude, for Love's mighty leaven  
Makes the heart expand to bless all living.



## Judge Not


**A**NLESS we could have God's all-seeing eye,  
Which looks beyond outward appearances,  
Let us forbear to judge another by  
Either his acts or his deficiencies.

What we so scorn in others might be ours  
Were we to have the like environment;  
For illustration take two human flowers,  
Guard one with care but have the other sent  
Where it must daily breathe polluted air,  
Think you they'd show the same development?

One grows as was intended straight and fair,  
The other manifests a stunted growth;  
God understands and justly judges both.



## "Let Thy Light Shine"

HOU canst keep some corner bright  
If thou shed thy little light;  
Help to dissipate the gloom,  
Of a sorrow-shadowed room.

Never mind how weak it seem,  
Though it only cast one gleam,  
When 'tis kindled by a spark  
From that Light which ne'er grows dark.

It will always brightly glow  
When 'tis fed by Love's pure glow,  
Then wherever thou dost go,  
Sunshine from thee shall outflow.



## God's Poverty Cure

**D**O NOT be concerned in getting,  
But in giving what thou hast;  
All about us freely offer  
What of wealth they have amassed.

Nature's voices give us music  
Than paid orchestra's more grand;  
Sunlight paints with magic brushes  
Pictures fair on sea and land.

Each day with its priceless treasures  
Comes a-knocking at our door.  
Is there need amidst such riches  
That a single man be poor?

Long ago there walked among us  
One whose mighty words still speak;  
Trust his promise, "All things have ye  
Who will first heaven's kingdom seek."

In no undiscovered country  
Is this kingdom to be found,  
But in hearts where love and mercy  
Make thoughts kindly to abound.

Thoughts which blossom out in doing  
For the universal good;  
Individual wants are fully  
By the Father understood.



## **"Am I My Brother's Keeper"**

**W**HEN once a man begins to run down  
hill,  
Would those who seem to help him  
on his way  
Extend a friendly hand—show him  
good-will—  
'Twould probably his downward progress stay.

Cheered by the kindly word, he'd change his course,  
And once more try the steep path to ascend;  
Behind him he would feel an unseen force  
Helping him onward to his journey's end.

Am I my brother's keeper? Yes and no.  
Not his to bind, but with him sympathize  
When footsore his steps flag and head droops low;  
To lift him up, encourage him to rise.

Many unknown to fame might have been crowned  
With laurels had the needed aid been given;  
Many a one whose name is world renowned  
Attained his goal through kind words fitly spoken.

## Recompense

**D**ETHINKS when all the sheaves are gathered in,  
And men await their portion of the grain,  
Not those who worked, though well,  
for their own gain

The larger share of gleanings then will win;  
But those whose love for all of human-kind  
Kept them from being on self-ends intent,  
When by the Lord of harvest called will find  
That ne'er in vain is life for others spent.  
He whose aim is to serve the common weal  
Draws to himself a goodly heritage  
Of riches, so enduring and so real  
They last his soul for aye, from age to age;  
And as all self-hood dies, he grows as one  
With Him who died for others, though God's Son.

## Love's Power

**L**OVE'S power can triumph over every-  
thing—  
The greatest human wreck can be re-  
claimed  
When to his aid Love doth her forces  
bring;

One look of hers does more than all who blamed.  
Nothing of good can long escape her eyes;

Howe'er repulsive be the outer form,  
It is to Love but as a thin disguise

Through which shows what can utterly transform.  
E'en one who seems fast bound unto the sod—

No aspiration to aught higher scan—  
Is known by Love as embryonic God,

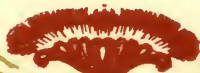
Awaiting recognition's talisman.

Thus doth she prove akin all she may meet—

Kings in the palace, beggars in the street.

## Sympathy

**I** PICKED a little flower up from the ground—  
A careless hand had flung it there to die;  
Since Love forbade that I should pass it by,  
I bore it home just as it was and found,  
Although so badly crushed and foully stained,  
Something of life and beauty still remained.  
When given a drink and freed from all its stains  
It tried, methinks, to thank me for my pains,  
And once more raised its head, looking so glad.  
Thoughts came to me of how to help the sad,  
Down-trodden ones a proud world deems outcast  
From all things good; did we but know their past  
How often we should find their beauty marred,  
Not through their fault, only by others scarred.



## True Success

**A**THOM the world regards a failure,  
God may deem a great success;  
Failure caused by aiming skyward  
Is a mark of nobleness.

None need call himself a failure  
Till he recognize defeat;  
Souls of victors truly have they  
Who undaunted ill luck meet.

Better than to rest contented  
With some paltry triumph now,  
Is to be forever striving,  
Though on earth an uncrowned brow.



## Prayer

**I**NSPIRE me, O God, I pray,  
So I may give again  
Of all that I receive from Thee  
To bless my fellow-men.

Inspire me and ope mine ears,  
Make them receptive be  
Unto that stream of melody  
Which ever flows from Thee.

Inspire me to live alway,  
So that my life may prove  
To all that come within its scope,  
The wondrous power of love.



## A Message

**B**E UP and doing,  
It is day,  
The sun is high  
Upon his way.

Like him go shed  
Thy rays abroad,  
Scatter them freely,  
None of them hoard.

Be this thy joy  
To give to all,  
Unmindful where  
They chance to fall.

Thy part it is  
To simply shine,  
The outcome leaving  
To Love Divine.



### Desires Three

**I** WOULD inhale while on the mount of vision,  
Such measure of its rarefied fine air,  
Each exhalation while down in the valley,  
Might purify the noxious vapors there.

I would my soul were filled so full of sunshine  
That flows from him who is the Sun of life,  
Where'er I go some of its bright reflection  
Might change the skies of others with clouds rife.

That it might ever send forth those vibrations,  
Which felt, must every thought of ill remove,  
I would this heart of mine were set pulsating  
In tune with his whose sweetest name is Love.



## Charity



HY heart should so o'erflow with love for  
all,  
On those whom thou regardest as un-  
clean,  
Thou wilt thy cloak of charity let fall,  
To cover what were better left unseen.

As Cinderella in the tale of old,  
Into a lovely princess was transformed,  
So through the eyes of love thou wilt behold,  
The noble born though outwardly deformed.

Henceforward let it be thy daily care  
To remove aught impeding the free flow  
Of that true life which maketh all things fair,  
And causeth man in God-likeness to grow;  
When conscious of that life a light will shine  
Upon thy path to show all men divine.



## Like a Streamlet

**L**IKE a streamlet we should be,  
Make for others melody  
As we journey toward the sea,

Ere within the main we hide  
In its great heart to abide;  
It has scattered far and wide  
Joy and freshness everywhere,  
Giving unto all a share  
Of what keeps it glad and fair.

Leaving all along its wake  
Green things, growing flowers and brake—  
Living just for other's sake.



## Influence

**I**F THOU wilt draw thy inspiration from  
The never failing fount of life above,  
A blessing to the world thou wilt become,  
And thy whole life express the widest  
love.

Then although fame forget thy name to breathe  
Upon the unwrit history of the race,  
Thou surely wilt a lasting impress leave,  
One which e'en time itself cannot deface.

From those who with the highest in touch keep,  
Influence flows which will outlast the grave,  
For like a stream that digs its channels deep,  
'Twill sink into men's hearts and many save  
From stagnant waters, unseen by the eye  
Its presence there, their thoughts will purify.



## Heaven Within

**T**OO long have we bent all our energies  
To reach a heaven created by the brain,  
And there be saved from everlasting pain,  
When in ourselves lies all of bliss there is.

For in a low condition of the mind  
A hell more frightful than e'en Dante saw  
Or Dore by his mighty brush could draw,  
We can within its loathsome chambers find.

Christ came to teach us how to saviours be,  
By daily striving some live word to speak;  
To raise the fallen and make strong the weak—  
His is the truth that doth from bondage free.  
Who follows in the footsteps that He trod,  
Will find his heaven within and there see God.

## Regenerated

**A**BROWN and withered atom  
I lay upon life's shore,  
O'er which wild waves came crashing  
With maddening, deafening roar.

While lying faint and gasping,  
From soundless depths within  
A voice spake words so powerful  
They rose above the din.

Then with a mighty effort,  
Although so near to die,  
Once more I stood upon my feet  
And looked into the sky.

Into my withered tissues  
I drew God's vital breath,  
Which thrilling through my being,  
Loosened the clutch of Death.

Like one just new-created  
I set sail on life's sea,  
With overmastering passion  
To serve humanity.

## The Christ Within

**I** AM yearning for the coming  
Into this heart of mine  
Of the Christ-child, pure and holy,  
Born of the Love Divine.

Therefore, while I am waiting,  
I will make my dwelling fair;  
Of everything unseemly  
Will sweep its chambers bare.

Should any thought of evil  
Have found a harboring,  
I'll open wide my casements  
And from my portals fling.

Oft keenest pain and anguish  
The richest blessing bring,  
So ere I gain my heart's desire  
I must pass through suffering.

But when my hour cometh,  
And in travail am I,  
I shall forget my agony  
In listening for His cry.

His birth will prove unto me  
A resurrection morn;  
Forth from the tomb of self-hood  
My spirit be reborn.



Forever evil passions  
Have lost their power o'er me;  
I pray for those who curse me,  
Or use spitefully.

Through eyes full of compassion  
My fellow men I view;  
See 'neath the meanest faces  
Gleams of the good and true.

I seek the weak and erring,  
And take them to my heart;  
I heal the sick and wounded  
With heavenly Christ-like art.

In every word and action  
The Christ-child works through me,  
Since with Him and the Father  
I have grown one to be.

Love's touch is on my brow and on my lips,  
Her holiest kiss, therefore my heart's glad,  
With gladness drawn from the great heart of all,  
Whose every beat gives forth as waves of joy,  
Wherewith to bless,

So likewise I diffuse  
Some measure of that which I have received,  
And by my very presence witness  
Of happiness, naught earthly can destroy.


Love opens in the soul an inner fount,  
Whence flows a stream of joy and melody  
Which will, if fed aright,  
And through life's journey make a pathway bright.

## Unbound

**O** SAD SOUL! moaning in the web which  
Fate  
Hath spun around thee so thou canst  
not fly!  
Be still! No more bewail thine abject  
state,

For thee deliverance soon draweth nigh;  
A voice from soundless depths the secret tells;  
Nothing can bind a soul whose thoughts are stayed  
Upon eternal things, for in it dwells  
A consciousness which makes it unafraid.  
It looks beyond the seeming to the real;  
Knows that, which here apparently doth bind,  
Doth make it reach out after the ideal,  
Helps it the freedom of the truth to find;  
And now, at will, it soars above the world;  
Fate can no longer keep its pinions furled.

## Brotherhood

 HE Fatherhood of God,  
The Brotherhood of man,  
Once realized, lift from the sod—  
Reveal Creation's plan.

One Father of us all,  
One common aim for each—  
To listen humbly for his call,  
And His perfection reach.

One universal good,  
From which we all must draw  
Until the truth is understood—  
Love's whole redemptive law.  
Once walked upon the earth  
A Brother true, indeed;  
His teaching gave the soul new birth—  
His words of life still feed.

He came to teach that Love,  
And not the threatening rod,  
Will every evil thing remove  
Between men's souls and God.

No longer eye for eye—  
He said: Forgive, forgive;  
Have love so broad, so deep, so high,  
It gives as God doth give.



His boundless charity  
Embraces everyone;  
To good and bad the rain is free,  
Upon all shines the sun.

So let us mindful be  
To give as we receive;  
Leaving to God what faults we see,  
Ours is it to relieve.

What hurts one hurts us all,  
Our joys we share with each;  
Broken for aye is self-hood's thrall—  
The Golden Rule we preach.

Together bound are we;  
Our Father, the All-Good,  
Unites us in one family,  
A loving Brotherhood.



## Like a Streamlet

**L**IKE a streamlet we should be,  
Make for others melody  
As we journey toward the sea,

Ere within the main we hide  
In its great heart to abide;  
It has scattered far and wide  
Joy and freshness everywhere,  
Giving unto all a share  
Of what keeps it glad and fair.

Leaving all along its wake  
Green things, growing flowers and brake—  
Living just for other's sake.

## The Larger Life

**G**O OUT into the larger life, my child,  
Go out and seek the fallen and the  
weak;  
Show them, however much they are de-  
filed,  
They have a friend in thee; most  
gently speak.

Tell them of One who never turns away  
From any who to Him repentant come;  
He only asks ye will His call obey—  
Ye weary ones, ye heavy laden, come.

Go put thy petty cares and griefs from thee;  
They look too small compared with others' wrong.  
Love not thyself save in humanity,  
And sing unto it some sweet heaven-caught song.

## The Unsung Songs



HE sweetest songs as yet have not been  
sung;

They wait in silence deep

For one to come whose voice shall have  
the power

To waken them from sleep.

He must be one whose heart is kept in tune  
With that grand music sweet,  
Which doth forever through the Universe  
In wordless rhythm beat.

He must have love for all created things,  
However weak or small,  
In loving service find his chief delight  
Done for the good of all.

With nature he must close communion hold  
His senses to refine,  
Until upon his listening ear shall fall  
Her melodies divine.

He must so live unto the Spirit's touch  
He will responsive be,  
Then from his lips inspiring words of life  
Will pour exultingly.



## E'en Now

**E**'EN now, when everything seems going  
from thee,  
If thou wilt strive to live a life of trust,  
These words of comfort will be set vi-  
brating;  
God will not let thee perish in the dust.

Uplifted eyes will look beyond the seeming;  
Behold arising from this vale of sense  
A mount upon whose summit angels beckon,  
Offering to those who gain it joys intense.

Be not discouraged; start with steadfast purpose  
To scale the heights, however steep they be;  
Falter thy footsteps? Keep a dauntless spirit,  
Then unseen hands will reach themselves to thee.

## Doing Good

**L**ONG ago there walked among us  
One whose mighty words still speak,  
Trust His promise "All things have ye  
Who will first heaven's kingdom seek."

In no undiscovered country  
Is this kingdom to be found,  
But in hearts where love and mercy  
Make thoughts kindly to abound.

Thoughts which blossom out in doing  
For the universal good,  
Individual wants are fully  
By the Father understood.

A heart received a barbed word,  
Which cut it like a two-edged sword;  
Quivering with pain it nearly broke,  
But in the end true strength awake.

The pain was there allowed to lie,  
Just long enough until thereby  
Grew knowledge how to others bring  
Some succour in their suffering;  
Then! then! at last was gone the sting.



With firm intent to reach my goal  
I upward press, nor do I mind  
How rough the path, for in my soul  
New life I find.

Which groweth stronger day by day  
As I inhale the atmosphere  
Of mountain heights upon the way  
So pure, so clear.

When notes of trouble  
Float on the air,  
One word, "Love others,"  
Brings music rare.

It gives the courage  
To go through life  
Full of rejoicing  
In midst of strife.

Garners the sweetness  
From bitterest things,  
Gives by its touching  
To soul its wings.

On then it soareth,  
Up to the sky,  
Where it discovers  
Love cannot die.



## "Thy Will, Not Mine"

### Hymn

**I** WOULD, O Father,  
That this will of mine  
May ever be  
Subservient to Thine.

Do unto me  
As seemeth to Thee best,  
To make me flee  
For shelter to Thy breast.

"Know the power of self and smile on all."

When thou has conscious grown,  
O self of mine,  
That thou dost draw thy life  
From source divine.

Thou wilt cognizant be  
Of wondrous power,  
And all good things of life  
Shall be thy dower.

Thou wilt become a sun,  
And from thee stream  
A living radiance  
On all to beam.



## Refraction

**A**N ARROW speeding through the air  
Smote a lone bird that hovered there.  
Fluttering its wings, it heaved a sigh,  
Then fell upon the earth to die.  
A passerby who saw the bird  
Was by its cry of anguish stirred.  
He drew the arrow from its breast,  
With healing balm its wounds he dressed.  
The little life that in it breathed  
Grew stronger as it care received.  
Had not Love Death's course it must  
Too soon have passed into the dust.

Weary sojourner  
Beside the sea,  
God's loving kindness  
Protecteth thee.

Wherefore be lonely?  
There's one is near  
Who watcheth o'er thee—  
Then have no fear.



## Salvation

**L**ISTEN! In the silence and in solitude  
there is strength. There the voice of God  
speaks to the soul, directing, guiding and  
giving it full power.

In the sanctuary of thine own soul  
there is rest. There the Most High hath  
enshrined His tabernacle.

Peace, peace be still!

The Master faileth never,  
Joy will enfill

The soul that trusteth ever.  
Through the tempest raging

In the weary soul,  
Hear the Master saying,  
"I have full control."

Only wait with patience  
Till the storm is past,  
With a holy silence

Rest will come at last.  
Out of the heart of the silence  
Things of beauty unfold,

With their message of thanksgiving  
Unto all the world.

Live always for thy best,  
Then when night draweth nigh  
Thou canst in peace repose,  
For thou hast earned true rest and happiness.

No other life can give  
Thee joy, nor hope to be  
A help to souls rejoiced,  
Truth's message to receive to set them free.

Arise, then! Girt thee round  
With strength that faileth not;  
Go forth, let loving deeds  
Along thy path be found—speak words of cheer.  
So shalt thou come ere long  
To mountain heights of song,  
Where reigneth harmony  
And truth and beauty dwell in perfectness.

Purity of spirit must manifest itself in activity.  
Stagnation breeds disease and death. What of truth  
is revealed inwardly give forth outwardly to bless thy  
brother man.

Live the sermons you would preach. Be yourself  
a message to the world.

Seek thy inspiration from the highest—let no  
human medium intervene between thy soul and the  
true free revealing direct from the source of all life  
and wisdom. So shalt thou come into a conscious

union with God the Father, even as did Christ Jesus.

Great things from small beginnings grow and their  
growth is slow. To hasten growth too often kills or  
dwarfs the thing to be made manifest. Lift up thy  
heart to the light; let thy growing be the Spirit's care.

There are many laborers at work in His vineyard,  
but the Master has need of thee also.

The Father must to thee true wisdom give,  
Ere thou the truth canst teach.

For he who hath the Spirit's power

The hearts of man can reach.

I will to him true inspiration give

That he may be God's messenger to souls,  
Awaiting knowledge of the way to live,

To cast out Sorrow's sting and gain repose.

The flowers, the sunlight, the sea and the sky  
Each offers its wealth to the passerby.  
To him who is wise to receive it,  
He takes this gift to his inmost heart  
And gives it forth as a deathless thought,  
Thereby making the whole world sweeter.

Rejoice! in the glory  
That shineth so free;  
Some of its radiance  
Falls e'en upon thee.  
O keep thy heart holy,  
Walk on in its light  
Till life transfigured be.

Rejoice in the glad thought—  
All is good and fair.  
Things in darkness once sought  
Are the Father's care;  
He knoweth thy needs,  
And in wisdom heeds  
Thy cry and gives to thee.  
Rejoice! night time is past;  
Full day dawneth at last;  
Love rules over the world,  
Flags of peace are unfurled.  
Discord is over,  
Men now discover

Truth that makes equal and free.  
I will guide him day by day  
Nearer to the goal he seeketh;  
Give to him just what he needeth,  
Tell to him what words to say  
To the hungry souls awaiting  
Bread that gives the strength for living  
In full accord with law Divine.



## Realization

**T**HE power from on high enfills my soul!  
Away from me the clouds of darkness  
roll!  
A sense of His abiding presence steals  
O'er my being, the comforter reveals  
To me the truth I so long sought with  
tears,

Forever past are those tormenting fears  
That kept me sad and downcast all these years;  
My soul rejoices in such glorious light  
That daily life brings with it new delight  
And I am taught to walk by faith, not sight;  
Those things that once brought with them only pain.  
Now, that my ears have caught the glad refrain  
Of heaven's music, show what I deemed loss  
Were really sent for my exceeding gain  
To help me learn the meaning of the cross.

Although it may not seem to thee  
Just what thy wish would have it be,  
He always heedeth thy request  
And sends just what He knows is best.

Look up, oh! be not sunk in woe.  
How canst thou slight His promise so?  
"A bruised reed he will not break,"  
Nor any burdened soul forsake.



Ask and receive, and lo; thy joy  
No doubt nor sorrow can destroy.  
Knock and there shall open wide  
Doors that wondrous regions hide.

Take courage, bid thy soul rejoice;  
It hath been granted thee free choice  
Of seeing merely trouble's sting,  
Or letting it new insight bring  
To sense the inmost heart of things.

Not tares, but wheat, the seed will reap,  
That lie within the heart so deep;

Thou shalt be a power for good,  
To teach mankind true brotherhood.



## Completeness

**A**H, FOOLISH one! None but the Over-  
soul  
Is great enough to satisfy thy own;  
Be one with it, for then thou shalt be  
whole,  
And never more feel that thou art alone.

“He giveth His beloved in their sleep”  
The truths which we are ready to receive;  
No life can be too hard, no path too steep,  
For those who fully all His words believe.

Make the word flesh as did the Son of Man;  
He came to earth to teach us how complete  
All life might be when God's eternal plan  
Is understood and with His our hearts beat.



## The Larger Life

**G**O OUT into the larger life, my child,  
Go out and seek the fallen and the  
weak;  
Show them, however much they are de-  
filed,  
They have a friend in thee; most  
gently speak.

Tell them of One who never turns away  
From any who to Him repentant come;  
He only asks ye will His call obey—  
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He must have love for all created things,  
However weak or small,  
In loving service find his chief delight  
Done for the good of all.

With nature he must close communion hold  
His senses to refine,  
Until upon his listening ear shall fall  
Her melodies divine.

He must so live unto the Spirit's touch  
He will responsive be,  
Then from his lips inspiring words of life  
Will pour exultingly.



## Conditions of Growth

**I** ASK thee, Lord, that thou wilt give to me  
A heart so full of love for all my kind,  
In every one I meet mine eyes shall see  
Some likeness there which shall of Thee  
remind.

Why are we taught such reverence for a book,  
To bow the knee in a cathedral's hall,  
While with a careless eye too oft we look  
On man—who of Thy works is chief of all?

From one, however worthless seemingly,  
Bid me before in scorn I turn away,  
Remember that in God's own image he was first  
created to regain some day;  
No mark divine is ever quite effaced,  
Love's eyes can see it in the most debased.



## "Thy Will, Not Mine"

### Hymn

**I** WOULD, O Father,  
That this will of mine  
May ever be  
Subservient to Thine.

Do unto me  
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When thou has conscious grown,  
O self of mine,  
That thou dost draw thy life  
From source divine.

Thou wilt cognizant be  
Of wondrous power,  
And all good things of life  
Shall be thy dower.

Thou wilt become a sun,  
And from thee stream  
A living radiance  
On all to beam.



## All is Well

**A**LL that may come to me  
Of weal or woe  
Is from the Father's hand  
And He doth know  
Just what each soul requires  
To make it grow.

Aught He in love sees fit  
To take away,  
He doeth what is best,  
Trusting I say;  
Naught can disturb my peace  
When I obey.

All things result in good  
To those whose will  
Is fully one with His;  
What may seem ill  
Comes that it may some wise  
Purpose fulfill.

Therefore I fearlessly  
Travel along,  
Feeling a mighty arm,  
Saving from wrong,  
All is well, "God is Love,"  
This is my song.



## Sympathy

**I** PICKED a little flower up from the ground—  
A careless hand had flung it there to die;  
Since Love forbade that I should pass it by,  
I bore it home just as it was and found,  
Although so badly crushed and foully stained,  
Something of life and beauty still remained.  
When given a drink and freed from all its stains  
It tried, methinks, to thank me for my pains,  
And once more raised its head, looking so glad.  
Thoughts came to me of how to help the sad,  
Down-trodden ones a proud world deems outcast  
From all things good; did we but know their past  
How often we should find their beauty marred,  
Not through their fault, only by others scarred.







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